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HYMNS

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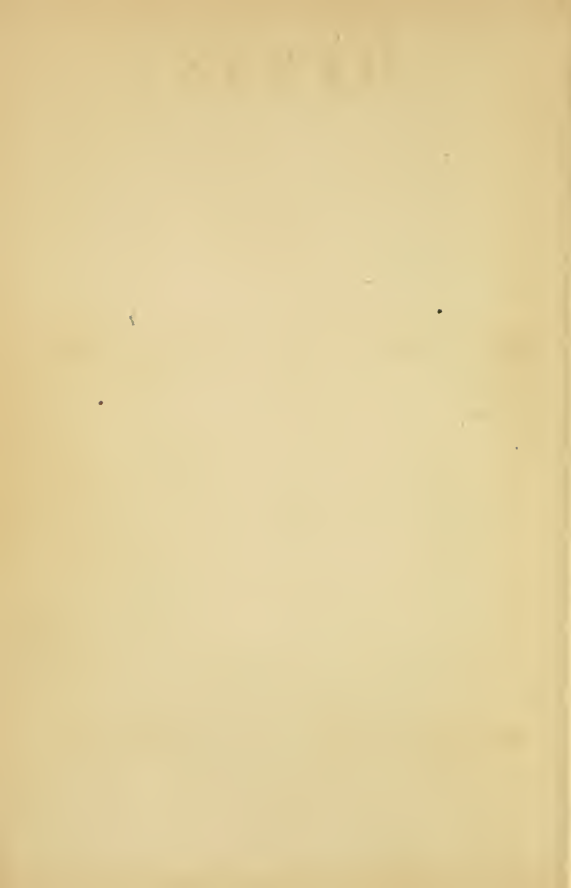
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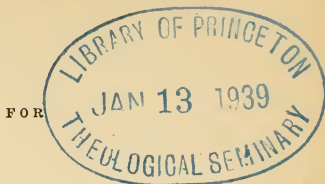






# HYMNS

FOR



## SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

*Society of Friends*


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## PREFACE.

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THIS volume is the result of an endeavor to supply a long acknowledged want in Friends' schools and families, of a collection of Hymns that might be placed without hesitation in the hands of young persons,— inculcating Scriptural truth without admixture, and whilst clearly testifying to the freeness and fulness of the Gospel, avoiding the use of expressions that tend to divert them from the One Source of light and availing knowledge.

There can be little difference of opinion among persons of religious convictions, as to the desirableness of storing the minds of children and others with Scriptural truth, as conveyed in the metrical language of good Hymns. Most minds are known to retain sentiments so expressed, more readily than when they are presented in unmeasured prose; and on this account we have reason for thankfulness, that so many sentences of the Holy Scriptures are, even in their translation, clothed in such language.

It is with no intention to encourage the singing of Hymns by mixed assemblies, as an act of *worship*, that the present compilation is issued. If, as must be the case on every such occasion, the words used do not apply to the present condition of all who utter them, their thus expressing unfelt contrition, or praise and rejoicing (as it may happen), can scarcely comport with the individual responsibility of the Christian.

And we would recommend all who have charge of Schools, to persevere faithfully in the practice of *seriously reading* or repeating the Hymns, instead of *singing* them in the usual manner. We are fully convinced of the practical advantages of this course, even when the Hymns are not devotional in character. The danger of substituting a mere gratification of the senses, for attention to the solemn meaning of the words, is thus in great measure avoided.

They would also do well to remember, that poetical figures, which add so much to the vividness of language when they are fully understood, often require to be explained to the younger children.

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# H Y M N S

F O R

## SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.



### 1.

JESUS CHRIST loved little children  
When He was on earth below;  
Still He looks upon, and loves them,  
Though He is in heaven now.

When they yield to angry passions  
Then they grieve this heavenly Friend;  
Yet He pities them and helps them,  
When they try their ways to mend.

If I seek Him, He will bless me  
With His love from day to day;  
Make the hardest duties pleasant,  
As I walk His heavenly way.

## 2.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul  
The world can never buy;  
And, while eternal ages roll,  
It will not, cannot die.

For it must soar to worlds on high,  
Where happy spirits dwell;  
Or, buried with the wicked, lie  
Deep in the grave of hell.

The soul, by blackening sin defil'd,  
Can never enter heaven,  
Till God and it be reconcil'd,  
And all its sins forgiven.

Till it be pure from all its stains,  
In perfect righteousness:  
Saved by the Saviour's dying pains,  
Renewed by sovereign grace.

Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace,  
And let it holy be,  
Clothed in my Saviour's righteousness,  
And meet to dwell with Thee.

## 3.

LORD, teach a little child to pray;  
Thy grace betimes impart,  
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my infant heart.

For Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain;  
And fit my soul with Him to live,  
And in His kingdom reign.

To Him let little children come,  
For He has said they may;  
His bosom then shall be their home—  
Their tears He'll wipe away.

For all who early seek His face  
Shall surely taste His love;  
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,  
To dwell with Him above.

Y

## 4.

ONE there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But this Saviour died to have us  
Reconcil'd, in him, to God.

When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of Sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.

O for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love,  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above.

## 5.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,  
And spread His works of love abroad,  
If I had lived as long ago,  
I think I should have loved the Lord.

Jesus, who was so very kind,  
Who came to pardon sinful men,  
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind—  
Oh! must I not have loved Him then?

But where is Jesus?—Is He dead?  
O no! He lives in heaven above;  
“And blest are they,” the Saviour said,  
“Who, tho’ they have not seen me, love.”

## 6.

“LITTLE children, come to me;”  
This is what the Saviour said;  
Little children, come and see  
Where those blessed words are read.

Thus ye hear the Saviour speak,  
“Come ye all, and learn of me,  
I am gentle, lowly, meek;”  
So should little children be.

When our Saviour from above  
From His Father did descend,  
Taken in His arms of love,  
Children saw in Him their Friend.

Jesus little children blest;  
Blest in innocence they are,  
Little children, thus caressed,  
Praise Him in your infant prayer.

## 7.

OUR heavenly Father bids us ask  
The blessings of His grace;  
And it should never be a task  
To seek our Father's face.

He looks on us with thoughts of love,  
And promises to send  
The Holy Spirit from above,  
To be our guide and friend.

How much do we His guidance need,  
Who are so prone to stray!  
The Spirit will to Jesus lead,  
And teach us how to pray.

And He will show us heavenly things,  
And form our hearts anew,  
To serve and love the King of kings,  
As saints and angels do.

O Lord! that promised gift bestow,  
And fill us with Thy love;  
That we may serve Thee here below,  
And dwell with Thee above.

## 8.

I MAY, if I but have a mind,  
Do good in many ways;  
Plenty to do the young may find,  
In these our busy days.  
Sad would it be, though young and small,  
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,  
 Or one kind, loving deed,  
 May, though a trifle poor and weak,  
 Prove like a tiny seed;  
 And who can tell what good may spring  
 From such a very little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour  
 To act upon this plan,  
 What little good is in my power,  
 To do it while I can;  
 If to be useful thus I try,  
 I may do better by and by.

V

9.

I WANT to be like Jesus,  
 So lowly and so meek:  
 For no one marked an angry word  
 That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,  
 So frequently in prayer;  
 Alone upon the mountain top  
 He met His Father there.

I want to be like Jesus:  
 I never, never find,  
 That He, though persecuted, was  
 To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good,  
So that of me it may be said:  
“She hath done what she could.”

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see:  
O gentle Saviour! send Thy grace,  
And make me like to Thee.

## 10.

SEE the shining dew-drops,  
On the flowers strewed,  
Proving, as they sparkle,  
“God is ever good.”

See the morning sunbeams,  
Lighting up the wood,  
Silently proclaiming  
“God is ever good.”

Hear the mountain streamlet  
In the solitude,  
With its ripple saying  
“God is ever good.”

In the leafy tree-tops,  
Where no fears intrude,  
Merry birds are singing  
“God is ever good.”



Bring, my heart, thy tribute,  
Songs of gratitude,  
While all nature utters  
"God is ever good."

## 11.

I 'M not too young to love the Lord,  
Who does so much for me;  
My blessings come alone from God —  
How thankful I should be!

I 'm not too young a prayer to raise  
To God who dwells on high;  
He'll listen to my song of praise,  
And hear my feeble cry.

I 'm not too young for Christ to save;  
He even died for me:  
Yes! He His life for children gave,  
And will their Saviour be.

I 'm not too young to die and go  
To Jesus Christ in heaven;  
But ere I reach that place I know  
My sins must be forgiven.

O Saviour! listen to my prayer,  
And change this heart of mine;  
O take an infant to Thy care,  
And make me wholly Thine!

## 12.

HOW precious is the story  
Of our Redeemer's birth,  
Who left the realms of glory  
And came to dwell on earth!  
He saw our sad condition,  
Our guilt, our sin and shame:  
To save us from perdition  
The blessed Jesus came.

He came to earth from heaven,  
To weep, and bleed, and die,  
That we might be forgiven,  
And raised to God on high.  
His kindness and compassion  
To children then were shown;  
The heirs of His salvation,  
He claim'd them for His own.

Oh, may I love this Saviour,  
So good, so kind, so mild!  
And may I find His favor,  
A young though sinful child!  
And in His blissful heaven  
May I at last appear,  
With all my sins forgiven,  
To know and praise Him there!

## 13.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He call'd little children, as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around me ;  
That I might have seen His kind look when He said  
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share of His love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above —

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,  
For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

## 14.

LITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away,  
From the path of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in distant lands.

## 15.

SEE, the lovely blooming flower  
Fades and withers in an hour;  
So our transient comforts fly,  
Pleasure only blooms to die.

See the leaves are falling fast,  
Scatter'd by the wintry blast;  
So our youthful pleasures fade,  
Cares will soon our breasts invade.

Time is passing swift away;  
Earthly joys will soon decay;  
May we have, prepared on high,  
Pleasures that will never die.

## 16.

HOW doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads her wax!  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books or works, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past:  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

## 17.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God has made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let  
Your angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,  
And all your words be mild;  
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,  
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;  
And as His stature grew,  
He grew in favor, both with man,  
And God His Father too.

Now, Lord of all, He reigns above,  
And from His heavenly throne,  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for His own.

✓  
18.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home;  
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 't is a shameful sight  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,  
Which are but noisy breath,  
May grow to clubs and naked swords,  
To murder, and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son  
To rage against another;  
So wicked Cain was hurried on,  
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will let their anger cool,  
At least before 'tis night;  
But, in the bosom of a fool  
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord! our childish rage,  
Our little brawls remove;  
That as we grow to riper age,  
Our hearts may all be love.

Y  
19.

WHEN, for some little insult given,  
My angry passions rise,  
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,  
And bore His injuries.

He was insulted every day,  
Tho' all His words were kind,  
But nothing men could do, or say,  
Disturbed His heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs He heard  
Against the truths He taught,  
Excited one reviling word,  
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross He bled,  
With all His foes in view,  
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,  
"They know not what they do."

Dear Saviour! may I learn of Thee  
My temper to amend;  
But speak that pardoning word for me  
Whenever I offend.

## 20.

DO no sinful action,  
Speak no angry word:  
Ye belong to Jesus,  
Children of the Lord.

There's a wicked spirit  
Watching round you still;  
And he fain would tempt you  
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,  
Though 'tis hard for you  
To resist the evil,  
And the good to do.



If ye would be Christians,  
Ye must learn to fight  
With the bad that's in you,  
And to do the right.

Christ is your own Master—  
He is good and true,  
And His young disciples  
Should be holy too.

## 21.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,  
With all your heart and mind,  
And love your neighbor as yourself;  
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Do unto others as ye would  
That they should do to you;  
Whate'er is honest, just, and good,  
With all your might pursue.

## 22.

LET us adore the grace that seeks  
To draw our hearts above;  
'Tis God, the holy Saviour speaks,  
And every word is love.

Though filled with awe before His throne,  
Each angel veils His face;  
He takes young children for His own,  
And saves them by His grace.

O may the child that lives in sin,  
Enslav'd by Satan's power,  
Meekly obey the call divine  
In this appointed hour.

## 23.

MY Father, I thank thee for sleep,  
For quiet and peaceable rest;  
I thank thee for stooping to keep  
An infant from being distress;  
O, how can a poor little creature repay  
Thy Fatherly kindness by night and by day!

My voice would be lisping Thy praise,  
My heart would repay Thee with love;  
O! teach me to walk in Thy ways,  
And fit me to see Thee above:—  
For Jesus has bid little children come nigh,  
He will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as Thou deemest it right,  
 That here on this earth I should stay,  
 I pray Thee to guard me by night,  
 And help me to serve Thee by day;  
 And when all the days of my life shall have  
     past,  
 Receive me in heaven to praise Thee at last.

## 24.

THIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend;  
 Whose love is as great as His power,  
 And neither knows measure or end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;  
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
 And trust Him for all that's to come.

## 25.

WHEN children give their hearts to God,  
 'Tis pleasing in His eyes;  
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
 Is no mean sacrifice.

'Tis better far if we begin  
 To fear the Lord betimes;  
 For sinners who grow old in sin  
 Are hardened in their crimes.

It saves us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee  
May we our hearts resign;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our best days were Thine.

## 26.

WHAT if a little drop should say  
"So small a drop as I  
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields;  
I'll tarry in the sky."

What if a shining beam of noon  
Should in its fountain stay,  
Because its feeble light alone  
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form  
The cool refreshing shower?  
And every ray of light to warm  
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give  
O Lord, to truth and Thee;  
Then shall its power be felt by all  
However small it be.

## 27.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,  
Or decks the lily fair,  
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,  
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a simple blade,  
Or leaf of lowliest mien,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light  
Illumes the spreading earth;  
There's not a cloud, or dark, or bright,  
But mercy gave it birth.

Then wake, my soul, and sing His name,  
And all His praise rehearse,  
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,  
And made the universe.

## 28.

I WANT a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.

I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve.  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.

Quick as the apple of the eye,  
O God, my conscience make;  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

## 29.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

## 30.

I WANT to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand;  
There, right before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music,  
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,  
Nor ever shed a tear,  
Nor ever know a sorrow,  
Nor ever feel a fear;  
But, blessed, pure, and holy,  
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
And with ten thousand thousands,  
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Jesus will forgive;  
For many little children  
Have gone to heaven to live.  
Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
And lay me down to die,  
O send a shining angel,  
To bear me to the sky.

## 31.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand, —  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band, —  
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God  
on high!"

In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one array'd,  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.

What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:  
How came those children there?

Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin:  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood  
Behold them white and clean!

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb, —  
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God  
on high!"



## 32.

THE Lord attends when children pray,  
A whisper He can hear;  
He knows not only what we say,  
But what we wish or fear.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,  
And words of prayer to say;  
The heart must with the lips agree,  
Or else we do not pray.

Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,  
Thy grace to us impart,  
That we in prayer may take delight,  
And serve Thee with the heart.

## 33.

THE lambs of Jesus—who are they,  
But children that believe and pray;  
That keep God's laws, and ask His grace,  
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?

The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,  
The words of peace and truth they speak;  
To all God's creatures they are kind,  
And, like the Lord, of gentle mind.

The lambs of Jesus — oh ! that we  
Might of that blessed number be !  
Lord, take us early to Thy love,  
And lead us to the fold above.

✓  
34.

HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,  
To the listening spirit given ?  
“Children, come,” it seems to say ;  
“Give your hearts to me to-day.”

Sweet as is a mother's love,  
Tender as the heavenly Dove ;  
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,  
Thus it wins us to His arms.

Lord, we will remember Thee,  
While from pain and sorrow free ;  
While our day is in its dew,  
And the cares of life are few.

While to Thee, O Lord, we come  
In our early morning's bloom,  
Breathe on us Thy grace divine,  
Take our hearts and make them Thine.

## 35.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,  
Once became a child like me :  
O that in my whole behaviour,  
He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy,  
Pride and passion dwell within ;  
But the Lord was meek and lowly,  
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying  
Some new pleasure to possess,  
He was always self-denying,  
Patient in His worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature ;  
Guide me by Thy word of truth ;  
Condescend to be my teacher,  
Through my childhood and my youth.

## 36.

JESUS appeared on earth,  
Not as a prince or king ;  
He came a child of heavenly birth,  
Good-will and peace to bring.

The youth received His love,  
His blessing and His care,  
And still, though now He reigns above,  
His tenderest love they share.

May we this day begin  
To love the ways of truth;  
To shun the slippery paths of sin,  
And walk with God in youth.

V  
37.

JESUS, and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,—  
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;  
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain:  
And oh! may this my glory be,—  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 38.

IT is not earthly pleasure,  
That withers in a day;  
It is not mortal treasure,  
That fieth soon away;  
It is not friends that leave us,  
It is not sense or sin,  
That smile but to deceive us,  
Can give us peace within.

But 'tis religion bringeth  
Joy beyond earth's control;  
Rich from the throne it springeth,  
A fountain to the soul.  
He that is meek and lowly,  
The Saviour's face shall see;  
To none but to the holy  
Heaven's gates shall opened be.

Lord, be Thy Spirit near us,  
While we Thy words are taught;  
And may these days that cheer us  
With future good be fraught;  
May we, to heaven invited,  
When youth and life are flown,  
Teachers and taught united,  
Assemble round the throne.

## 39.

OUR evil actions spring  
From small and hidden seeds:  
At first we think some wicked thing,  
Then practise sinful deeds.

Wherever sin begins,  
It tends to death and woe;  
And he who heeds not little sins  
A sinner's doom shall know.

O for a holy fear  
Of every evil way,  
That we may never venture near  
The path that leads astray.

## 40.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose heart, inspired with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintery hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou! who givest us life and breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thy own.

## 41.

BEFORE we close our eyes to-night  
O let us each these questions ask;  
Have we endeavored to do right,  
Nor thought our duty but a task?

Have we been gentle, lowly, meek,  
And the small voice of conscience heard,  
When passion tempted us to speak,  
Have we repressed the angry word?

Have we with cheerful zeal obeyed  
What our kind parents bade us do?  
And not by word or action said  
The thing that was not strictly true?

In hard temptation's troubled hour,  
Then have we stopped to think and pray,  
That God would give the soul the power  
To chase the sinful thought away?

O Thou! who seest all my heart,  
Do Thou forgive and love me still;  
Do Thou to me new strength impart,  
And make me love and do Thy will.

## 42.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,  
For every want of ours;  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have made no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
And dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Up-springing day and night?

Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man;  
To beautify the earth.



To comfort man—to whisper hope  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
For who so careth for the flowers,  
Will much more care for him!

## 43.

GO, when the morning shineth,  
Go, when the noon is bright,  
Go, when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go, with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee,  
Pray too for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way;

E'en then, the silent breathing  
Thy spirit lifts above,  
Will reach His throne of glory,  
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that He hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer!  
When'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall,  
And remember in thy gladness,  
His love who gave thee all.

• 44.

HOW beautiful the setting sun!  
The clouds how bright and gay!  
The stars, appearing one by one,  
How beautiful are they!

And when the moon climbs up the sky,  
And sheds her gentle light,  
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,  
How beautiful is night!

And can it be I am possessed  
Of something brighter far?  
Glows there a light within this breast  
Outshining every star?

Yes, should the sun and stars turn pale,  
The mountains melt away,  
This flame within shall never fail,  
But live in endless day.

This is my soul, that God has given, —  
Sin may its lustre dim,  
Religion bears it up to heaven,  
And leads it back to Him.

## 45.

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,  
I would yield that heart to Thee;  
All my powers to Thee surrender,  
Thine and only Thine to be.  
Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,  
Let my youthful heart be Thine:  
Thy devoted servant make me;  
Fill my soul with love divine.

Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,  
Only do Thou guide my way;  
May Thy grace through life attend me,  
Gladly then shall I obey.  
Let me do Thy will, or bear it,  
I would know no will but Thine;  
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,  
I that life to Thee resign.

May this solemn dedication  
Never once forgotten lie;  
Let it know no revocation,  
Published and confirmed on high.  
Thine I am, O Lord, forever,  
To Thy service set apart;  
Suffer me to leave Thee never;  
Seal Thine image on my heart.

## 46.

SWEET is the time of spring,  
When nature's charms appear;  
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,  
And hail the opening year.  
But sweeter far the spring  
Of wisdom and of grace,  
When children bless and praise their King,  
Who loves the youthful race.

Sweet is the dawn of day,  
When light just streaks the sky;  
When shades of darkness pass away,  
And morning beams are nigh:  
But sweeter far the dawn  
Of piety in youth;  
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn  
Before the light of truth.

Sweet is the early dew  
Which gilds the mountain tops,  
And decks each plant and flower we view  
With pearly, glittering drops:  
But sweeter far the scene  
On Zion's holy hill,  
When there the dew of youth is seen  
Its freshness to distil.

✓  
47.

CHILD of frailty, when thy breast  
Heaves with solemn thoughts oppressed;  
Longing fervently to love  
Him whom angels praise above;  
When thy soul would learn His will,  
Seek retirement and "be still."

Stir not there unhallowed zeal,  
Ask Him how to think and feel,  
Then, if to thy heart be pour'd  
Words for praying to the Lord,  
Thankfully with these alone  
Make thy supplications known.

But if in such awful hour,  
By the promised Helper's power,  
Thoughts are breathed into thy mind  
For our language too refined,  
Offer these in silent fear;  
God is present, God can hear.

## 48.

IN Israel's fane, by silent night,  
The lamp of God was burning bright;  
And there, by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke;  
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;  
He rose; he asked whence came the word;  
From Eli? No,—it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,  
In paths of righteousness he trod;  
Prophetic visions fired his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days  
Incline our hearts to love Thy ways;  
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;  
Speak, Lord, to us; Thy servants hear.

## 49.

IN a modest, humble mind,  
God himself will take delight;  
But the proud and haughty find  
They are hateful in His sight.

Jesus Christ was meek and mild,  
And no angry thoughts allowed;  
O shall then a little child  
Dare to be perverse and proud?

This indeed should never be;  
Lord, forbid it, we entreat;  
Grant that all may learn of Thee  
That humility is sweet.

Make it shine in every part;  
Fill us with this heavenly grace:  
For the youngest tender heart  
Surely is its proper place.

## 50.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,  
And calls His sheep by name;  
Gathers the feeble in His arms  
And feeds the tender lambs.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,  
Where living waters flow;  
And guide us to the fruitful fields,  
Where trees of knowledge grow.

When, wandering from the fold, we leave  
The straight and narrow way,  
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,  
To guide us lest we stray.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,  
Shall be the Shepherd's care;  
While folded in the Saviour's arm,  
We're safe from every snare.

V  
51.

WOULD we inward peace enjoy,  
We must first be poor in spirit,  
At the feet of Jesus lie,  
Trusting only in His merit;  
Then our kind and loving Lord  
Will to us His strength afford.

None from God so distant are,  
None so sinful, none so wretched,  
But they may His mercy share,  
For His arms are still outstretched:  
Yet we must, when we apply,  
On His grace alone rely.

In this humble happy frame,  
And from grace to grace proceeding,  
We press forward in His name,  
And have cause to bless His leading;  
Gladden'd by His looks of grace,  
We run our appointed race.



## 52.

SINCE we can't doubt God's equal love,  
Unmeasurably kind;  
To His unerring grácious will  
Be every wish resigned;  
Good when He gives, supremely good;  
Nor less when He denies;  
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.

Whate'er I ask, I surely know  
And steadfastly believe,  
He will the thing desired bestow,  
Or else a better give;  
To Thee I therefore, Lord, submit  
My every fond request,  
And own, adoring at Thy feet,  
Thy will is always best.

## 53.

LET not your heart be faint,  
My Peace I give to you:  
Such peace, as reason never plann'd,  
As worldlings never knew.

'Tis not the stilly calm  
That bodes a tempest nigh,  
Or lures the heedless mariner,  
Where rocks and quicksands lie.

It is not nature's sleep,  
The stupor of the soul,  
That knows not God, or owns His hand,  
Tho' wide His thunders roll.

'Tis not the sleep of death,  
Low in the darksome grave,  
Where the worm spreads its couch and feeds,  
No hand put forth to save.

It speaks a ransomed world,  
A father reconciled,  
A sinner to a saint transformed,  
A rebel to a child.

It tells of joys to come,  
It soothes the troubled breast,  
It shines a star amid the storm,  
The harbinger of rest.

Then murmur not, nor mourn,  
My people faint and few,  
Though earth to its foundation shake,  
My peace I leave with you.

## 54.

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be  
Clothed with humility;—

Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Chang'd into a little child;  
Pleased with all the Lord provides,  
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee,  
Every evil let me flee;  
Nothing want below, above;  
Happy in Thy precious love.

O that all may seek and find  
Every good in Christ combined!  
Him let Israel still adore;  
Trust Him, praise Him ever more.

## 55.

COME, blessed Spirit, gracious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,  
And break each heart of stone.

Give us ourselves and Christ to know,  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
Christ's pardoning love display.

Convince us first of unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

Show us our poverty, relieve  
And then enrich the poor;  
The knowledge of our sickness give,  
The knowledge of our cure.

A blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load:  
Trouble, then lead the troubled heart  
To Christ's atoning blood.

## 56.

AS the sun's enlivening eye  
Shines on every place the same,  
So the Lord is ever nigh  
To the souls that love His name.

When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way;  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go, and those who stay.

From His holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
And in sweet communion join.

Father, hear our humble prayer!  
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.

In Thy strength may we be strong;  
Sanctify each cross and pain;  
Give us, if Thou wilt, ere long,  
Here to meet in peace again.

## 57.

AS oft, with worn and weary feet,  
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,  
The thought how comforting and sweet,—  
Christ trod this very path before;  
Our wants, our weaknesses, He knows,  
From life's first dawning to its close.

If we, beneath temptation's stress  
Do fight against dark powers within,  
So, in Judea's wilderness  
Christ wrestled with the thoughts of sin,  
When in a weary, lonely hour,  
The tempter came with all his power.

So, tried as I, this earth He trod,  
Knew every human ill but sin,  
And though the holiest Son of God  
As I am now, so hath He been;  
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me;  
For help and strength I turn to Thee.

## 58.

ALL men are equal in their birth,  
Heirs of the earth and skies;  
All men are equal, when that earth  
Fails from their dying eyes.

God greets the throngs who pay their vows  
In courts their hands have made;  
And hears the worshipper who bows  
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees  
And speaks of high or low,  
And worships those, and tramples these,  
While the same path they go.

O, let man hasten to restore  
To all, their rights of love!  
In power, and wealth, exult no more;  
In wisdom, lowly move.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;  
Ye low! your shame and fear;  
Live, as ye worship, side by side;  
Your brotherhood revere.

✓  
59.

GOD is love; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we move;  
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

Change and chance are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom His brightness streameth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

## 60.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for His own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Love, which like the Lord the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a covering  
Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from their banner,  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which He gives them when they pray.



Y  
61.

HATH not thy heart within thee burned  
At evening's calm and holy hour,  
As if its inmost depths discerned  
The presence of a loftier power?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,  
While ancient rivers murmured by,  
A voice from forth the eternal shades,  
That spake a present Deity?

And as, upon the sacred page  
Thine eye in rapt attention turned  
O'er records of a holier age,  
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

It was the voice of God that spake  
In silence to thy silent heart;  
And bade each worthier thought awake,  
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O be yet near!  
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;  
Direct us on our pathway here,  
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

## 62.

THE moment a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified Lord,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Redemption in full through His blood.

The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere fancy or name,  
The work of God's Spirit it is.

It treads on the world and on hell;  
It vanquishes death and despair;  
And, what is still stranger to tell,  
It overcomes heaven by prayer.

It says to the mountains, "Depart,"  
That stand betwixt God and the soul:  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
The wounded in conscience makes whole.

Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
Be spotless as snow, and as white;  
And raises the sinner on high,  
To dwell with the angels of light.

## 63.

THINK, O ye who fondly languish  
O'er the grave of those you love,  
While your bosoms throb with anguish,  
They are singing praise above.

While your silent steps are straying  
Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy Christian's head.

Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high;  
In His glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.

Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.

## 64.

TIME is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day—  
A journey to the tomb:

Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
    Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
All that's mortal soon shall be  
    Enclosed in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away  
    To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day —  
    A journey to the tomb:  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
    Health and beauty, soon, above,  
Far beyond the world's alloy,  
    Secure in Jesus' love.

✓  
65.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come,  
    We walk through deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
    Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight it well supplies;  
    Faith makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds it pries,  
    And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
    While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
    And rocks and dangers fill the way.

## 66.

WHEN Jesus left His heavenly throne,  
He chose an humble birth;  
His brightest glories were unknown  
When He came down to earth.

Like Him may we be found below,  
In humble paths of peace;  
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,  
As years and strength increase.

His words were sweet, and kind His look,  
When mothers round Him prest;  
Their infants in His arms He took,  
And then pronounced them blest.

Safe from the world's alluring charms,  
Beneath His watchful eye,  
May we be folded in His arms,  
And on His bosom lie.

## 67.

JESUS gives us true repentance,  
By His Spirit sent from heaven;  
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,  
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."

Faith He gives us to believe Him,  
Grateful hearts His love to praise;  
Want we wisdom? He must give it,  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Helps us do what He commands;  
Makes us follow His directions,  
Gives us willing feet and hands;  
All our prayers, and all our praises,  
We should offer in His name;  
He who dictates them, is Jesus;  
He who answers, is the same.

## 68.

I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From earth's encumbering care,  
And spend the hours of closing day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear;  
And all His promises to plead  
When none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

## 69.

HOW good and pleasant is the sight  
Where kindred souls agree!  
How blest the place where hearts unite  
In bands of piety!

All in their proper stations move,  
And each fulfils his part,  
In every care of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart.

How happy are the sons of peace  
Their hearts and hopes are one;  
And kind designs to serve and please,  
Through all their actions run.

Here peace, like morning dew, distils  
Its blessings from above;  
While grateful joy each bosom fills,  
And every heart is love.

## 70.

A MINUTE, how soon it is flown!  
And yet, how important it is!  
God calls every moment His own,  
For all our existence is His:  
And tho' we may waste them in folly and play,  
He notices each that we squander away.

We should not a minute despise,  
Although it so quickly is o'er;  
We know that it rapidly flies,  
And therefore should prize it the more.  
Another indeed may appear in its stead,  
But that precious minute forever is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years  
In idleness, folly, and strife;  
But oh! no repentance, nor tears,  
Can bring back one moment of life.  
Then wisely improve all the time as it goes,  
And life will be happy, and peaceful the close.

## 71.

OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
Bid my quiet spirit hear  
The comfort of Thy voice;



Never in the whirlwind found,  
Or where earthquakes rock the place,  
Still and silent is the sound,  
The whisper of Thy grace.

From the world of sin, and noise,  
And hurry, I withdraw;  
For the small and inward voice  
I wait with humble awe;  
Silent am I now, and still,  
Will not in Thy presence move;  
To my waiting soul reveal  
The secret of Thy love!

✓  
72.

O THOU, who hast at Thy command  
The hearts of all men in Thy hand!  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
To know no other will but Thine!

Our wishes, our desires, control;  
Mould every purpose of the soul;  
O'er all may we victorious be  
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be  
When we can look through them to Thee;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

And while we to Thy glory live,  
May we to Thee all glory give,  
Until the final summons come,  
That calls Thy willing servants home.

## 73.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are;  
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star!  
Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,  
The promised day of Israel!

Watchman! tell us of the night,  
Higher yet that star ascends;  
Traveller! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveller! ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn;  
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman! now thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home;  
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.

## 74.

PRAYER is to God the soul's sure way;  
So flows the grace He waits to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray;  
For only while they pray, they live.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
In every need, still watch and pray.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Though poor and broken be its word;  
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;  
The breathings of the soul are heard.

Depend on Him; thou shalt prevail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not, His mercy will not fail;  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

## 75.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.

Faith grasps the blessing she desires,  
Hope points the upward gaze;  
And love, untrembling love, inspires  
The eloquence of praise.

But sweeter far, the still small voice,  
Heard by no human ear,  
When God hath made the heart rejoice,  
And dried the bitter tear.

Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;  
All utterance faileth there;  
But listening spirits comprehend,  
And God accepts the prayer.

## 76.

THIRSTING for a living spring,  
Seeking for a higher home,  
Resting where our souls must cling,  
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirit fill,  
When we feel that Thou art near:  
Father! then our fears are still,  
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,  
Read the meaning of life's frown;  
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin  
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within  
By Thy spirit's holy light:  
Guard us when our faith burns dim,  
Father of all love and might!

✓  
77.

THE offerings to Thy throne which rise  
Of mingled praise and prayer,  
Are but a worthless sacrifice,  
Unless the heart be there.

Upon Thine all discerning ear  
Let no vain words intrude;  
No tribute but the vow sincere,—  
The tribute of the good.

Our offerings will indeed be blest,  
If sanctified by Thee;  
If Thy pure spirit touch the breast  
With its own purity.

O, may that spirit warm each heart  
To piety and love,  
And to life's lowly vale impart  
Some rays of heaven above.

## 78.

THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness and our health,  
In our wants, or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—  
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait  
To thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer;—  
God is present everywhere.

## 79.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far  
From thy Father's happy home,  
With thyself and God at war?  
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noble uses gave?  
Squandered life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now  
In thy heart and in thy soul?  
Discontent upon thy brow?  
Turn thee, Jesus can make whole!

He can heal thy bitterest wound,  
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;  
Seek Him, for He may be found;  
Call upon Him, He is near.

V  
80.

O, NOT alone with outward sign  
Of fear, or voice from heaven,  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God, is given;  
Awakening in the human heart  
Love for the truth and right,  
Zeal for the Christian's better part,  
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Though heralded by naught of fear,  
Or inward sign, or show;  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whisper soft and low;

Though dropping as the manna fell  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Holy and gentle, heed it well—  
The call to truth and love.

✓  
81.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with  
God,  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy  
road;  
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy  
head,  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O spirit! acquaint thee with God,  
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;  
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

✓  
82.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hearest my prayer.  
Give me on Thee to wait  
Till I can all things do;  
On Thee, Almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.



I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And bids the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee, and Thy great name;  
This blessing above all,  
Always to pray, I want:  
Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee;

But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

## 83.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all Thy people known;  
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And Thou art loved alone.

A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.

O, that I now that rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in;  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.

Remove all hardness from my heart,  
All unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of Thy love.

## 84.

THE fountain in its source  
No drought of summer fears;  
The further it pursues its course,  
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield  
A scanty, short supply;  
The morning sees them amply filled,  
The evening sees them dry.

The cisterns I forsake,  
O Fount of Life, for thee!  
My thirst with living waters slake,  
And drink eternity.

## 85.

THEY, who on the Lord rely,  
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;  
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread  
O'er each faithful servant's head.

Vain temptation's wily snare;  
They shall be the Father's care;  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.

When they wake or when they sleep,  
Angel guards their vigils keep;  
Death and danger may be near,  
Faith and love can never fear.

## 86.

REJOICE in God alway;  
When earth looks heavenly bright,  
When joy makes glad the livelong day,  
And peace shuts in the night.

Rejoice when care and woe  
The fainting soul oppress;  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice in hope and fear;  
Rejoice in life and death;  
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,  
And comfort languisheth.

When should not they rejoice,  
Whom Christ His brethren calls;  
Who hear and know His guiding voice,  
When on their heart it falls.

So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lowers,  
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,  
And Christ's dear love be ours.

V  
87.

YE servants of the Lord!  
Each in your office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame:  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight;  
For holy is His name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

## 88.

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay,  
Impatient of our Father's time,  
And His appointed way?

Oh! oft a deeper test of faith,  
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,  
The self-renouncing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong;  
And in the ear of pride and power,  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer;  
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save,  
And murmur for Abana's tide  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou! who in the garden's shade  
Did'st wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,  
Forgetful of Thy pain,—

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee.

## 89.

O! KNOW ye not that ye  
The temple are of God?  
Revere the earth-built shrine where He  
Should find a meet abode.

Immortal man, keep pure  
Thyself, that mystic shrine;  
Let hate of all that's dark endure,  
And love of all divine.

Let saintly thoughts be shown  
In act by saintly things;  
Like glories through the temple thrown  
From cherub's curtained wings.

Let life, a holy stream  
Its fountain holy show;  
Reflecting with a softened gleam,  
Heaven's purity below.

## 90.

DOES the Lord of glory speak  
To His creatures here below;  
And may souls so frail and weak,  
All His gracious dealings know?  
Does the blessed Bible bring  
Tidings from our heavenly King?

O with what intense desire  
Should we search that sacred book;  
Here, our zeal should never tire,  
Here we should delight to look  
For the rules by mercy given  
To conduct our souls to heaven.

Shall not he, that humbly seeks,  
All the light of truth discern?  
Do we not, when Jesus speaks,  
Feel our hearts within us burn?  
For His soul-reviving voice  
Bids the mourner to rejoice.

Lord, Thy teaching grace impart,  
That we may not read in vain;  
Write Thy precepts on our heart,  
Make Thy truths and doctrines plain;  
Let the message of Thy love  
Guide us to Thy rest above.

## 91.

WHY should earthly beauties tear me  
From the fountain of all bliss;  
From that Lord, who waits to bear me  
To a happier land than this?

Faith already seems beginning  
To approach that land of rest,  
Where I shall have done with sinning,  
And with endless peace be blest.



Hasting to those heavenly treasures,  
Meaner joys I leave behind;  
Earth, with all its boasted pleasures,  
Shall not move my steadfast mind.

## 92.

WHEN the world my heart is rending  
With its heaviest storms of care,  
My glad thoughts to God ascending,  
Find a refuge from despair.

There's a hand of mercy near me,  
Though the waves of trouble roar;  
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,  
When the toils of life are o'er.

Happy hour! when saints are gaining  
That bright crown they longed to wear;  
Not one spot of sin remaining,  
Not one pang of earthly care.

Oh! to rest in peace forever,  
Joined with happy souls above;  
Where no foe my heart can sever  
From my Saviour whom I love.

This the hope that shall sustain me  
Till life's pilgrimage be past;  
Fears may vex, and trouble pain me,  
I shall reach my home at last.

## 93.

FROM Thy seat of mercy bending,  
Where Thou sitt'st enthroned on high,  
Lord, in pity condescending,  
Hear a helpless sinner's cry.

By unwearied foes surrounded,  
Without strength to fight or flee,  
Let me never be confounded,  
For my hope is placed on Thee.

In the hour of tribulation,  
To Thy promise, Lord, I cling;  
From the storm of fierce temptation  
Shield me with Thy guardian wing.

Let the weight of earthly trials  
Drive me nearer to Thy breast,  
And affliction's bitter troubles  
Make Thy blessings doubly blest.

Then though danger's troubled ocean  
Threat me with its rudest shock,  
Safe I view its wild commotion,  
Anchored on the Eternal Rock.

## 94.

O FOR a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith;  
To embrace the message of His Son,  
And call the joys of heaven our own.

Then should the earth's firm pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks, when billows roar.

## 95.

COUNT o'er those lamps of quenchless light  
That sparkle through the shades of night;  
Behold them! can a mortal boast  
To number that celestial host?

For what art thou, O child of clay,  
Amid creation's grandeur, say?  
Even as an insect on the breeze,  
Even as a dew-drop lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not! the Sovereign hand  
Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath even for thee, a father's care!

Be thou at peace! the all-seeing Eye,  
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,  
The searching glance which none can flee,  
Is still in mercy turned on thee!

## 96.

QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep  
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;  
To feel, when we awake, and when we sleep,  
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven!

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;  
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;  
To bear about forever in the heart,  
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal!

Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil minds  
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;  
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds  
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's  
power.

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought  
Of the departed; that will be a part  
Of those undying things His peace hath wrought  
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? not slow wasting pain,  
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of  
death;  
These do but wear away, then break, the chain  
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

## 97.

THINK gently of the erring one!  
O, let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet!  
Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones!  
We yet may lead them back,  
With holy words, and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track;  
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet may'st be;  
Deal gently with the erring ones,  
As God has dealt with thee.

✓  
98.

TURN not from him who asks of thee  
A portion of thy store;  
Poor tho' in earthly goods thou be,  
Yet canst give what is more.

The balm of comfort thou canst pour  
Into his grieving mind,  
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud door,  
With many a word unkind.

Does any from the false world find  
Naught but reproach and scorn?  
Does any, stung by words unkind,  
Wish that he ne'er was born?

Do thou raise up his drooping heart,  
Restore his wounded mind;  
Though naught of wealth thou canst impart,  
Yet still thou may'st be kind.

And oft again thy words shall wing  
Backward their course to thee,  
And in thy breast will prove a spring  
Of pure felicity.

Y  
99.

OH! not alone on the mount of prayer  
Must the Christian serve his God;  
But the burden of daily life must bear,  
And tread where his Saviour trod.

Yet with him through every changing scene  
Doth the spirit of prayer abide;  
When earth is lovely, and heaven serene,  
That spirit his course shall guide.

And when the storm rages, and woe and wrath  
Would an earth-born courage quell,  
He knows that his God is around his path,  
And ordereth all things well.

## 100.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be,  
Nor what results unfolded dwell  
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

Oh! speed thee, Christian, on thy way!  
And to thine armor cling;  
With girded loins the call obey,  
That love and mercy bring!

There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run,  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.

Oh! faint not, Christian, for thy sighs  
Are heard before God's throne;  
The race must come before the prize—  
The cross before the crown.

## 101.

THE land our fathers left to us  
Is foul with hateful sin;  
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,  
And hope and joy begin?

What good, though growing might and wealth  
Shall stretch from shore to shore,  
If thus the fatal poison-taint  
Be only spread the more?

Wipe out, O God, the nation's sin,  
Then swell the nation's power;  
But build not high our yearning hopes  
To wither in an hour!

No outward show nor fancied strength  
From Thy stern justice saves;  
There is no liberty for them  
Who make their brethren slaves!



## 102.

YE joyous ones! upon whose brow  
The light of youth is shed,  
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers  
In glowing beauty spread;  
Forget not Him whose love hath poured  
Around that golden light,  
And tinged those opening buds of hope  
With hues so softly bright.

Thou tempted one! just entering  
Upon enchanted ground,  
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,  
Ten thousand foes surround:  
A dark, and a deceitful band,  
Upon thy path they lower;  
Trust not thine own unaided strength  
To save thee from their power.

Thou, whose yet bright and joyous eye  
May soon be dimmed with tears,  
To whom the hour of bitterness  
Must come, in coming years;  
Teach early thy confiding eye  
To pierce the cloudy screen,  
To look above the storms of life,  
Eternally serene.

## 103.

WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears  
The image of its God within,  
And uneffaced that beauty wears,  
Which may too soon be stained by sin;

Then is the time for faith and love  
To take in charge their precious care,—  
Teach the young heart to look above,  
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer.

The world will come, with care and crime,  
And tempt too oft that heart astray;  
Still, the seed sown in early time  
Shall not be wholly cast away.

The infant prayer, the infant hymn,  
Within the darkened soul will rise,  
When age's weary eye is dim,  
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

The infant hymn is heard again,  
The infant prayer is breathed once more;  
Reclasping thus the broken chain,  
We turn to all we loved before.

✓  
104.

GOD is in His holy temple:  
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,  
While with reverence we assemble,  
And before His presence bow.  
He is with us now, and ever,  
While we call upon His name,  
Aiding every good endeavor,  
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in His holy temple;—  
In the pure and holy mind;  
In the reverent heart and simple;  
In the soul from sense refined:  
Then let every low emotion  
Banished far and silent be!  
And our souls, in pure devotion,  
Lord, be temples worthy Thee!

✓  
105.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

Was it for sins that I have done  
He groaned upon a tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.

Thus may I also hide my face,  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness.  
And flow, my eyes, in tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Dear Lord! I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

## 106.

AMAZING grace! (How sweet the sound!)  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil  
A life of joy and peace.

## 107.

AND is the Gospel peace and love?  
Such let our conversation be;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom, and meek simplicity.

Whene'er unholy tempers rise,  
Anger, or pride, or selfish strife,  
To Jesus may we lift our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

How meek, benevolent, and kind!  
Lowly, and ready to forgive!  
Be these the tempers of our mind;  
Like Jesus may we ever live.

To do His Heavenly Father's will  
Was His employment and delight;  
Humility and constant zeal  
Shone through His life divinely bright.

Oh! if we love the Saviour's name,  
Let His divine example move;  
Dispensing good where'er He came,  
The labors of His life were love.

Thy fair example, Lord, we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be;  
Make us, by Thy transforming grace,  
Dear Saviour, daily more like Thee.

V

108. *Psalm 21 22.*

**A**NOTHER day has passed along,  
And we are nearer to the tomb;  
Nearer to join the heavenly song,  
Or hear our everlasting doom.

These moments of departing day,  
When thought is calm, and labors cease,  
Are solemn times to praise and pray,  
To ask for pardon and for peace.

Thou God of mercy, swift to hear,  
More swift than man to tell his need,  
Be Thou to us, this evening, near,  
And to Thy throne our spirits lead.

Teach us to pray—and, having taught,  
Grant us the blessing that we crave;  
Without Thy teaching, prayer is nought,  
But with it, powerful to save.

## 109.

BE still, my heart; these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonor on my Lord,  
And contradict His sacred word.

Brought safely by His hand thus far,  
Why should I now give place to care?  
How can I want, if He provide,  
Or lose my way with such a guide?

When first before His mercy-seat  
I did my all to Him commit,  
He gave me warrant from that hour,  
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear my call?  
And hath He not his promise passed  
That I shall overcome at last?

He who hath helped me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey through;  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to His praise.

Y  
110.

BRETHREN, let us walk together  
In the bonds of love and peace;  
Can it be a question, whether  
Brethren should from conflict cease?  
'Tis in union  
Hope, and love, and joy increase.

While we journey homeward, let us  
Help each other on the road;  
Foes on every side beset us,  
Snares through all the way are strewed:  
It becomes us,  
Each to bear a brother's load.

When we think how much our Father  
Has passed by, and does forgive,  
Surely, we should learn the rather  
Free from wrath and strife to live,  
Far removing  
All that might offend or grieve.

Let us each esteem his brother  
Better than himself to be;  
And each one prefer another,  
Full of love, from envy free:  
Happy are we  
When in this we all agree.



## 111.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,  
Who love this world so well?  
Or dream of future happiness  
While on the road to hell?

Shall they hosannas sing  
With an unhallowed tongue?  
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand  
That does its neighbor wrong?

Can sin's deceitful way  
Conduct to Zion's hill?  
Or those expect with God to reign  
Who disregard His will?

Thy grace, O God, alone  
Can a good hope afford!  
The pardoned and renewed shall see  
The glory of the Lord.

## 112.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at the throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

## 113.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,  
Hope and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.  
Through waves, through clouds and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time; so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.

Leave to His sovereign will  
To choose, and to command:  
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own  
How wise, how strong His hand.  
Thou comprehend'st Him not;  
Yet earth and heaven can tell  
He sits as sovereign on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee:  
Oh! lift Thou up the failing hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!  
Let us in life, in death,  
Boldly Thy truth declare;  
And publish till our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

## 114.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds you so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His works in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

## 115.

GOD'S holy law, transgressed,  
Speaks nothing but despair ;  
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,  
We find no comfort there.

Not all our groans and tears,  
Nor works which we have done,  
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,  
Can e'er for sin atone.

Relief is only found  
In Jesus' precious blood ;  
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,  
And reconciles to God.

Nailed to the painful cross,  
The Sacred Victim dies ;  
This is salvation's *only* source ;  
*Hence*, all our hopes arise.

## 116.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word.  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,  
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shall be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is cold and faint:  
Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more!"

## 117.

HASTEN, O sinner! to be wise,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

Oh! hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's stage be run.

Oh! hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn  
Before the needful work is done.

Oh! hasten, sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.

O Lord! do Thou the sinner turn;  
Now rouse him from his senseless state;  
Nor let him Thy compassion spurn,  
And rue his fatal choice, too late.

## 118.

HEAL us, Immanuel; here we are  
Waiting to feel Thy touch;  
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess;  
We faintly trust Thy word;  
But wilt Thou pity us the less?  
Be that far from Thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied,  
With trembling, for relief:  
“Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,  
“O help mine unbelief!”

She, too, who touched Thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered: “Daughter, go in peace,  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

Concealed amid the gathering throng,  
She would have shunned Thy view;  
And if her faith was firm and strong,  
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears, we come  
To seek Thy grace to-day;  
Oh! send us not desponding home,  
Send *none* unhealed away.

## 119.

LET Christian faith and hope dispel  
The fears of guilt and woe;  
The Lord Almighty is our friend;  
Then who can prove our foe?

He who His best beloved Son  
Gave up for us to die,  
Shall He not all things freely give,  
His bounty can supply?

Oh! happy they who love the Lord,  
And Christ the Saviour know!  
Whom the best purpose of His grace  
Has called from all below!

Assured of His unchanging love,  
Immeasurably kind,  
To His unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.

Good when He gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when He denies;  
Afflictions from His sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.



## 120.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,  
And boast of joys within,  
Of hope, and trust, and guilt forgiven,  
While they are slaves to sin.

Vain are our fancy's airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living faith unites  
To Christ, the living Head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart,  
'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust His grace ;  
A pardoning God is jealous still  
For His own holiness.

When from the curse He sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean ;  
Nor would He send His Son to be  
The minister of sin.

:

## 121.

O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove!—return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 122.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort, to Thy will,  
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,  
Whose love forbids my tears?  
Or tremble at the gracious Hand  
That wipes away my tears?

Wisdom and mercy guide my way;  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor, blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth!

No — rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize, to Thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold, from me.

Thy favor all my journey through  
Thou art engaged to grant;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

Y  
123.

OH! where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'T were vain the ocean's depth to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh:  
'T is not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years —  
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the "second death"!

Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be driven from Thy face,  
For evermore undone.

Here would we end our quest;  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love — the rest  
Of immortality.

Y  
124.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered, or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death, —  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say: "Behold, he prays!"

O Thou! by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

## 125.

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live, should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray, they live.

And shall we in dead silence lie,  
When He stands waiting for our prayer?  
Believers, we've a Friend on high,  
Arise, and try your interest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
If guilt deject, if sins distress,  
The remedy is near you—*pray*.

Depend on Christ, you cannot fail;  
Make all your wants and wishes known;  
Fear not—His merits must prevail,—  
Ask what you will, it shall be done.

## 126.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild;  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child:  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;  
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone:  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the Sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

## 127.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,  
Guilty, plead Thy righteousness,  
To the cleansing fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 128.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may we, as vile as he,  
Wash all our sins away.



Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw that stream  
Our life and hope supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.

## 129.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death like a narrow stream divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Sorrow, and pain, and every care,  
And discord, there shall cease,  
And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.

The soul, from sin forever free,  
Shall mourn its power no more;  
But clothed in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbecclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## 130.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,  
How beauteous seems thy distant light,  
In which admiring saints repose;  
Onwards I strive, nor can I be  
At rest, until I rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Lord, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
Sovereign of every motion there.  
Grant me, from earthly idols free,  
To find my chief delight in Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say:  
"I am thy Life, thy God, thy All!"  
To know Thee, love Thee, feel Thee nigh,  
Be this my everlasting joy.

## 131.

'T IS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,  
No correction by the way,  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a castaway?

Others may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not, if he might.

Y

## 132.

TIME, with an unwearied hand,  
Pushes round the seasons fast,  
And in life's frail glass, the sand  
Sinks apace, not long to last;—  
Many, as well as you or I,  
Who last year assembled thus,  
In their silent graves now lie;—  
Graves will open soon for us.

Daily sin, and care, and strife,  
While the Lord prolongs our breath,  
Make it but a dying life,  
Or a kind of living death:  
Wretched they, and most forlorn,  
Who no better portion know;  
Better ne'er to have been born,  
Than to have our all below!

When constrained to go alone,  
Leaving all you love behind,  
Entering on a world unknown,  
What will then support your mind?  
When the Lord His summons sends,  
Earthly comforts lose their power;  
Honor, riches, kindred, friends,  
Cannot soothe a dying hour!

Happy souls, who fear the Lord!  
Time is not too swift for you;  
When your Saviour gives the word,  
Glad, you'll bid the world adieu!  
Then, He'll wipe away your tears;  
Near Himself, appoint your place.  
Swiftly fly, ye rolling years!  
Lord, we long to see Thy face.

V  
133.

HOW bless'd is the child of the Lord!  
When taught of the Father to run,  
When led by the light of His word,  
And cheer'd by the beams of His sun.

He listens with fear and delight  
To hear what the Master shall say;  
He sleeps in His bosom all night,  
And walks in His love all the day.

Though terrors may compass him round,  
And wildly the tempest may blow,  
He fears not: the rock he has found,  
That rock he will never forego.

'Tis true that his pilgrimage here  
Is chequered with sorrows and fears;  
'Tis true that the cross he must bear,  
And weep in this valley of tears:

But patience, submission, and love,  
Can sweeten the bitterest hours;  
And hope, from the heaven above,  
Still shines, when the hurricane lowers.

Temptation, 'tis true, will assail,  
And trials without and within;  
And deeply his soul must bewail  
For inward corruption and sin.

But the rags he once counted his own  
Are consum'd in celestial flame,  
And a mantle is over him thrown,  
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb.

134.

“WE’VE no abiding city here;”  
This may distress the worldling’s mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

“We’ve no abiding city here;”  
Sad truth were this to be our home,  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
“We seek a city yet to come.”

“We’ve no abiding city here;”  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.

“We’ve no abiding city here;”  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion its name, the Lord is there.  
It shines with everlasting light.

Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I’d flee to thee, and be at rest.

But hush! my soul, nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints, is best;  
While here, to do His will be mine,  
And *His* to fix my time of rest.

## 135.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things rest:  
In lark and nightingale, we see  
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the better part,  
She meekly sat at Jesus’ feet;  
And Lydia’s gently opened heart  
Was made for God’s own temple meet;  
Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,  
In deepest adoration bends;  
The weight of glory bows him down  
The most, when most his soul ascends;  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

V  
136.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man,  
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?  
The Gospel plan!

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show  
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?  
Both friend and foe!

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,  
Must I return him good, and love him still?  
Love him still!

If he my failings watches to reveal,  
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?  
Carefully conceal!

But if my name and character he blast,  
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;  
And if I sorrow and affliction know,  
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;  
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,  
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?  
Still love and bless!



Whatever usage ill I may receive,  
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?  
And still forgive!

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!  
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love.  
Nothing else but love!

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;  
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know;  
And now to practise I'll directly go, —  
Directly go!

Things being so, whoever me reject,  
My gracious Lord will surely me protect.  
Surely will protect!

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,  
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.  
Embrace in prayer!

But after all these duties I have done,  
Must I all point of merit then disown,  
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?  
Through Jesus' blood alone!

Echo, enough! thy counsels to my ear  
Are sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear;  
Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well:  
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell.  
Practise them. Farewell, farewell!

## 137.

AS needles point toward the pole  
When touch'd by the magnetic stone,  
So faith in Jesus gives the soul  
A tendency before unknown.

Till then, by blinded passion led,  
In search of fancied good, we range,  
The paths of disappointment tread,  
To nothing fix'd but love of change.

But when the Holy Ghost imparts  
A knowledge of the Saviour's love,  
Our wandering, weary, restless hearts  
Are fixed at once, no more to rove.

Now a new principle takes place,  
Which guides and animates the will;  
This love, another name for grace,  
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

By love's pure light we soon perceive  
Our noblest bliss, and proper end;  
And gladly every idol leave  
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

Thus borne along by faith and hope,  
We feel the Saviour's words are true:  
"And I, if I be lifted up,  
Will draw my followers upward too."

## 138.

MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise:  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
The work of faith will not be done  
Till thou hast got thy crown.

Then persevere, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath  
To His divine abode.

## 139.

SINNER, what has earth to show  
Like the joy believers know?  
Is thy path of fading flowers  
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?  
11\*

Doth a skilful, healing friend  
On thy daily path attend,  
And, where thorns and stings abound,  
Shed a balm on every wound?

When the tempest rolls on high,  
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?  
Can, oh! can thy dying breath  
Summon one more strong than death?

Canst thou, on that awful day,  
Fearless tread the gloomy way,  
Plead a glorious ransom given,  
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

## 140.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,  
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,  
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,  
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wish might always be,  
Accepting what they look for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see  
In all their lot, their Father's pleasure,  
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,  
Their living, everlasting Treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease  
From restless wishes, prone to sin;  
And in Thy own exceeding peace,  
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,  
As air we breathe,—as light we see;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

## 141.

TO keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl;  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream;  
It is not at our own command,  
But still derived from Him.

Beware of Peter's word,  
Nor confidently say:  
"I never will deny Thee, Lord,"  
But—"Grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone;  
And e'en an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath His wings,  
And in His grace confide;  
This more exalts the King of kings  
Than all your work beside.

In Jesus is our store:  
Grace issues from His throne;  
Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

## 142.

WHAT poor despised company  
Of travellers are these,  
That walk in yonder narrow way  
Along that rugged maze?

Ah! these are of a royal line,  
All children of a King;  
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
And lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they then appear so mean,  
And why so much despised?  
Because of their rich robes unseen  
The world is not apprised.

But some of them seem poor, distressed,  
And lacking daily bread!  
Yet they're of boundless wealth possessed,  
With hidden manna fed.

Why do they shun the pleasing path  
That worldlings love so well?  
Because that is the road to death,  
The open way to hell.

But why keep they that narrow road,  
That rugged, thorny maze?  
That is the way their Leader trod;  
They love to keep His ways.

What! is there then no other road  
To Salem's happy ground?  
Christ is the only way to God,  
No other can be found.

## 143.

OUR blest Redeemer, e'er he breathed  
His last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, subdue;  
All powerful as the wind, He came,  
As viewless too.

He comes, His graces to impart;  
A willing guest  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

He breathes that gentle voice we hear,  
As breeze of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

And all the good that we possess,  
His gift we own;  
Yea, every thought of holiness,  
And victory won.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness see;  
Oh! make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

## 144.

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,  
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favored hour  
At once He'd answer my request,  
And by His love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.



Instead of this, He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more — with His own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe;  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

“Lord, why is this?” I trembling cried;  
“Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?”  
“’Tis in this way,” the Lord replied,  
“I answer prayer for grace and faith.

“These inward trials I employ  
From self and pride to set thee free,  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou mayst seek thy all in me.”

Y  
145.

BREAST the wave, Christian,  
When it is strongest;  
Watch for day, Christian,  
When the night's longest.  
Onward and onward still  
Be thine endeavor,  
The rest that remaineth  
Shall be forever.

Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee, —  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee.  
He that hath promised  
Flattereth never —  
The love that He giveth  
He giveth forever.

Lift the eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth.  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever,  
Mount when thy work is done, —  
Praise Him forever!

## 146.

COME, sinner, to the Gospel feast,  
Oh! come without delay;  
For there is room in Jesus' breast  
For all who will obey.

There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul;  
Room in the Spirit's grace above  
To heal and make thee whole.

There's room within the Church, redeemed  
With blood of Christ divine;  
Room in the white-robed throng convened,  
For that dear soul of thine.

There's room in heaven among the choir,  
And harps, and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne'er were told.

There's room around thy Father's board  
For thee and thousands more:  
Oh! come and welcome, to the Lord;  
Yea, come this very hour.

## 147.

HEAVENWARD our road doth lie,  
And as strangers journey we,  
O thou promised land on high,  
Through the wilderness to thee!  
We are but a pilgrim band,  
Yonder is our Fatherland.

Heavenward then rise, my soul,  
If to heaven thou art heir;  
Let not earth thy love control,  
Lay not up thy riches there:  
One whom God hath seen and known  
Thenceforth turns to Him alone.

Heavenward! God saith to me,  
By His word and by His grace;  
Shows me where my rest shall be,  
Calls me on to view His face:  
When this word is in my heart  
Earth and I already part.

Heavenward! my faith doth show  
From afar, the shining gates,  
And my heart springs up to know  
All that in their folding waits:  
Sun and stars too faintly shine  
After yonder gleam divine.

Heavenward shall death, at last,  
In his hand my spirit bear;  
Safe at home, all troubles past,  
I shall reign forever there!  
Jesus that same way hath gone,  
I with joy may follow on.

Heavenward, ah heavenward!  
This my daily choice shall be;  
Earth's sweet voices are unheard,  
I would heaven's glory see:  
Heavenward the waves I'll breast  
Till in heaven I am at rest.

## 148.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word !  
What more can He say than to you He hath said ?  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

In every condition — in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.

“ Fear not, I am with thee ; O be not dismayed !  
If I am thy God, I will still give thee aid ;  
Will strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

“ When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

“ When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

“ E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

“The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to His foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I’ll never, no, never — no, never forsake !”

## 149.

HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know Thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid — the winds retire,  
Obedient to Thy will :  
The sea that roars at Thy command,  
At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we’ll adore ;  
We’ll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preservest our life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to Thee.

## 150.

LORD, a happy child of Thine,  
Patient through the love of Thee,  
In the light, the life divine,  
Lives, and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,  
Thou hast led my soul aright—  
Fervent was my morning prayer,  
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour! Guardian true,  
All my life is Thine to keep—  
At Thy feet my work I do,  
In Thy arms I fall asleep.

Tender mercies, on my way  
Falling softly like the dew,  
Sent me freshly every day,  
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,  
Though to greater bliss I go,  
Every present gift of good  
To eternal love I owe.  
12 \*

Source of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long,  
Let the song I sing to Thee  
Be an everlasting song.

151.

NOT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the curséd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.



## 152.

LET deepest silence all around  
Its peaceful shelter spread;  
So shall that living word abound,  
The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord  
In stillness and in prayer!  
What though no preacher speak the word,  
A minister is there.

A minister of wondrous skill  
True graces to impart:  
He teaches all the Father's will,  
And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,  
And bids the coldest glow;  
He speaks, and lo! the softest tears  
Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,  
He bows the loftiest soul;  
O'er all we think and all we feel,  
How matchless His control!

And ah! how precious is His love,  
In tenderest touches given:  
It whispers of the bliss above,  
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,  
The holy influence spreads;  
'Tis peace, 'tis praise without alloy,  
For God that influence sheds.

'Twas thus where God Himself is known  
To shine without a cloud,  
The angel myriads round His throne  
In solemn silence bowed.

And all were still and silent long,  
Nor dared one note to raise,  
Till burst the vast ecstatic song,  
And heaven was filled with praise.

## 153.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all who are distressed  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Protection He affords to all  
Who make His name their trust.

Oh! make but trial of His love;  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,  
The Lord will food provide  
For such as put their trust in Him,  
And see their needs supplied.

✓  
154.

WHY should we start and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate to endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
And we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste;  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## 155.

WHEN I can trust my all with God  
In trial's fearful hour, —  
Bow all resigned beneath His rod,  
And bless His sparing power; —  
A joy springs up amid distress, —  
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
Though trials fix me there,  
Is still a privilege most sweet, —  
For He will hear my prayer;  
Though sighs and tears its language be,  
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

Then blessed be the hand that gave,  
Still blessed when it takes;  
Blessed be He who smites to save,  
Who heals the heart He breaks:  
Perfect and true are all His ways,  
Whom heaven adores and earth obeys.

## 156.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Kindled His relentings are,  
Me He now delights to spare;  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Let the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.  
God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

Jesus, answer from above,  
Is not all Thy nature love?  
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?  
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

Now incline me to repent!  
Let me now my fall lament!  
Now my soul's revolt deplore!  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## 157.

THERE is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men  
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,  
To die as if by stealth;  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,  
The spirits light and gay;  
That which is pleasing still may please,  
And care be thrust away;

But on that forehead God has set  
Indelibly a mark,  
Unseen by man, for man as yet  
Is blind, and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below  
May bloom, as Eden bloomed;  
He did not, does not, will not know  
Or feel, that he is doomed.

Oh! where is this mysterious bourn  
By which our path is crossed;  
Beyond which, God Himself hath sworn,  
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end, and where begin  
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:  
"Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called to-day, repent,  
And harden not your heart."

## 158.

WHILE I lived without the Lord,  
(If I might be said to live,)  
Nothing could relief afford,  
Nothing satisfaction give.

Empty hopes and groundless fear  
Moved by turns my anxious mind;  
Like a feather in the air  
Made the sport of every wind.

Now I see, whate'er betide,  
All is well, if Christ be mine;  
He has promised to provide,  
I have only to resign.

When a sense of sin and thrall  
Forced me to the Sinner's Friend,  
He engaged to manage all,  
By the way and to the end.

"Cast," He said, "on me thy care,  
'Tis enough that I am nigh:  
I will all thy burdens bear,  
I will all thy wants supply.

"Simply follow as I lead,  
Do not reason, but believe;  
Call on me in time of need,  
Thou shalt surely help receive."

Lord, I would, I do submit,  
Gladly yield my all to Thee;  
What Thy wisdom sees most fit,  
Must be surely best for me.

Only, when the way is rough,  
And the coward flesh would start,  
Let Thy promise and Thy love  
Cheer and animate my heart.

## 159.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing on His wings:



Where comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through;—  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed,  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in Him confiding  
I cannot but rejoice.

## 160.

TREMBLE not, though darkly gather  
Clouds and tempests o'er the sky,  
Still believe thy Heavenly Father  
Loves thee best when storms are nigh.

When the sun of fortune shineth  
Long and brightly on the heart,  
Soon its fruitfulness declineth,  
Parched and dry in every part.

Then the plants of grace have faded  
In the dry and burning soil;  
Thorns and briars their growth have shaded—  
Earthly cares and earthly toil.

But the clouds are seen ascending;  
Soon the heavens are overcast;  
And the weary heart is bending  
'Neath affliction's stormy blast.

Yet the Lord, on high presiding,  
Rules the storm with powerful hand;  
He the shower of grace is guiding  
To the dry and barren land.

See, at length the clouds are breaking,—  
Tempests have not passed in vain;  
For the soul, revived, awaking,  
Bears its fruits and flowers again.

Love divine has seen and counted  
Every tear it caused to fall,  
And the storm which love appointed  
Was its choicest gift of all.

✓  
161.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share;  
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasures there.

It was the sight of Thy dear cross,  
First weaned my soul from earthly things;  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

I want the grace that springs from Thee,  
That quickens all things where it flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn like me  
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

Dear fountain of delight unknown,  
No longer sink beneath the brim:  
But overflow, and pour me down  
A living and life-giving stream!

Surely of all the plants that share  
The notice of my Father's eye,  
None proves less grateful to His care,  
Or yields Him meaner fruits than I.  
13\*

## 162.

OH! for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe! —

That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Will lean upon its God; —

A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt; —

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile; —

A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up the dying bed.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of our eternal home.

## 163.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!  
Begone, disturbing care!  
And look, my soul, from earth away  
To Him who heareth prayer.

How sweet the tear of penitence  
Before His throne of grace,  
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,  
He shows His smiling face!

How sweet, through long-remembered years,  
His mercies to recall,  
And pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,  
To trust His love for all!

How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,  
Beyond this fading sky,  
And hear Him call His children up  
To His fair home on high!

Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,  
To dawn beyond the west;  
So let my soul, in life's last even,  
Retire to glorious rest.

## 164.

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the Mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words? Ah! think again;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear,  
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be:  
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

## 165.

FRIEND after friend departs:  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That hath not here an end:  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime,  
Where life is not a breath;  
And life's affections, transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire!

There is a world above  
Where sorrow is unknown;  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to a happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night—  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

## 166.

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
Leave, oh! leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want:  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, restore the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile, and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.



Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—  
Grace to pardon all my sin :  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## 167.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,  
Be mercy all your theme ;  
Mercy, which like a river, flows  
In one continual stream.

Fear not the powers of earth and hell,  
God will these powers restrain ;  
His mighty arm their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.

Fear not the want of outward good,  
He will for His provide ;  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And all they need, beside.

Fear not that He will e'er forsake  
Or leave His work undone ;  
He's faithful to His promises,  
And faithful to His Son.

Fear not the terrors of the grave,  
Or death's tremendous sting;  
He will from endless wrath preserve,  
To endless glory bring.

You in His wisdom, power, and grace,  
May confidently trust;  
His wisdom guides, His power protects,  
His grace rewards the just.

168.

WHAT soul can reach the lofty height  
From whence the Saviour came to die?  
What soul can trace the Lord of might  
In His profound humility?

Angels, who stand before the throne,  
Here feel the weakness of their powers;  
In wonder, they, adoring, own  
The Lord of life, both theirs and ours.

Oh! for a heart of faith and love,  
To taste the Saviour's richest grace,  
To emulate the choirs above,  
Who ever see His blissful face.

Blest Spirit! beautify my soul  
With humble joy and holy fear;  
Thy power can make the wounded whole,  
And bring each gospel blessing near.

Descend and dwell within my heart;  
The Saviour's image let me bear;  
Then bid me hence with joy depart,  
And angels' bliss forever share.

## 169.

ALMIGHTY God, to Thee belong  
The heartfelt praise, the grateful song;  
From Thee all joy and peace proceed,  
And grace to help Thy people's need.

Who can recount Thy mercies o'er,  
Or fathom that unbounded store  
Of love divine, which freely gave  
Thy Son, rebellious man to save?

Here language fails, nor can express  
The riches of redeeming grace:  
Its depth exceeds an angel's ken;  
Its height, the feeble eye of men.

Behold its length, its breadth survey,  
Coeval with eternity;  
For everlasting love alone  
Could place a *rebel* on the throne.

And is this love held forth to me?  
Amazing thought! Ah! *can* it be?  
Angelic tongue can ne'er express  
The vastness of redeeming grace!

For *me*, a rebel worm, He died!  
For *me*, "my Lord was crucified!"  
Away, ye sins—ye lusts, begone;  
I will be His, and His alone.

Almighty Jesus, make me Thine;  
Oh! wash me in Thy blood divine;  
Preserve my soul from every sin,  
And reign the Sovereign Lord within.

Oh! clothe me in that beauteous dress,  
The garment of Thy righteousness;  
Then may I look towards Thy throne,  
And claim each promise as *my own*.

With joy shall I appear among  
The blood-bought flock, the ransomed throng;  
And when Thou bid'st me be no more,  
Thy grace in endless worlds adore!

## 170.

WHEN I hear a sinner boasting  
Of the goodness of his heart,  
And how easy 'tis for mortals  
With their dearest sins to part;

Then, methinks, this man's a stranger  
To the work of grace and faith;  
All he speaks betrays his blindness,  
All is darkness that he saith.

Did he once but feel the workings  
Of the Spirit's mighty power,  
He would feel the flesh rebelling,  
From that highly favored hour.

Satan would not let him conquer  
Without many battles fought;  
This the Lord permits, that sinners  
Their own vileness may be taught.

'Tis the traitor lodged within us  
Seeks to admit the foe without;  
When, by grace divinely potent,  
Satan has been once cast out.

Inbred evils, dread corruptions,  
Natives of the human heart,  
League with Satan 'gainst the Saviour,  
And determine not to part.

Men would still resist the blessings  
Which a gracious God bestows,  
Did not grace of freest mercy  
Still with blessings interpose.

Oh! how matchless is this mercy!  
How unbounded is this love!  
'Tis our joy on earth to feel it,  
'Tis the theme of saints above.

## 171.

WHENE'ER I turn my eyes within,  
What loads of guilt, what depths of sin,  
Like oceans deep, like mountains high,  
Call for the vengeance of the sky!

Deceit, ambition, lust, and pride,  
Within the human heart reside;  
There, Satan, seated on his throne,  
Claims the whole empire as his own.

But Jesus comes! the mighty Lord!  
He wields the bright celestial sword;  
The strong man armed is forced to fly,  
Whilst angels chant the victory.

Glory to God in heaven above,  
On earth, sweet peace and sacred love;  
Good-will to men—the foe is foiled,  
And God and sinners reconciled.

Come, mighty conqueror of the heart,  
Subdue my soul in every part;  
Ascend Thy long usurped throne:  
Be Thou my king, and Thou alone.

✓  
172.

L ORD, what I want, and still implore,  
Is grace to love Thee more and more;  
A heart renewed, set free from sin,  
And filled with heavenly light within.

Oh! could I reach this blissful state!  
For this my longing soul shall wait,  
Till sovereign love, with mighty power,  
Shall on my soul the blessing shower.

Then, when the sacred drops descend  
From Jesus, my Almighty Friend,  
The fruits of joy and peace shall grow,  
And all the garden spices flow.

With holy love and humble joy  
Shall grace my every power employ,  
Till, far removed from sin and shame,  
My soul shall ever bless Thy name.

✓  
173.

O BLESS'D Redeemer, fill my soul  
With love and grace divine;  
Subdue the power of every sin,  
And make me wholly Thine.

In Thee, O Christ! may I be found  
From every blemish free;  
Though vile and worthless in myself,  
Yet all complete *in Thee*.

Oh! send Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,  
In larger portions down,  
To witness with my waiting heart,  
And seal me for Thine own.

May holiness my life adorn;  
May all my soul be love;  
May every wish be formed by Thee,  
And placed on things above.

Thus will a holy evidence  
Confirm that I am Thine;  
And faith, by works made manifest,  
Shall prove the work divine.

✓  
174.

**T**OUCHÉD by the power of love divine,  
To Thee, my gracious Lord, I come,  
Thy Spirit speaks—I hear the call;  
Dear Saviour, make my heart Thy home.

Too long, alas! a wandering sheep,  
Far from Thy blessed fold I strayed;  
But now my hopes on Thee are fixed;  
On Thee my grateful soul is stay'd.



Thou art my refuge and my rest ;  
Sweet peace in Thee I now may find ;  
The richest streams of heavenly grace,  
To soothe and calm my troubled mind.

Oh ! may I never from Thee roam,  
Or feel a single wish to stray ;  
Since Thou hast led my wandering feet  
To Christ, the true, the living way.

✓  
175.

HOW sweet to bless the Lord,  
And in His praises join ;  
With saints His goodness to record,  
And hymn His power divine !

These seasons of delight,  
This soul-refreshing gleam,  
These rays of pure eternal light,  
Demand the grateful theme.

O blessed Jesus ! pour  
Thy quickening spirit down ;  
That he, from this delightful hour  
Thy work of grace may crown.

May every waiting heart  
His faithful witness prove,  
And know its own eternal part  
In Thy redeeming love.

Oh! blest assurance this,  
Bright beam of heavenly day;  
Sweet earnest of eternal bliss,  
To cheer the pilgrim's way.

Thus will our joys increase,  
Our love more ardent grow;  
While all the fruits of faith and peace  
Refresh our souls below.

But oh! the bliss sublime,  
When joy shall be complete;  
In that unclouded, glorious clime,  
Where all Thy servants meet.

There shall the ransomed throng  
A Saviour's love record;  
And shout in everlasting song,  
Salvation to the Lord.

## 176.

OH! may I prize a throne of grace,  
Accessible in every place;  
Whene'er I lift my soul in prayer,  
On earth or sea, my God is there.

If in the hour of deep distress,  
Its woes my heart in sighs express;  
A sweet return of love I find,  
To soothe the sorrows of the mind.

Or when the grateful odors rise  
Of praise — delightful sacrifice! —  
My soul expands with joys unknown  
To every bosom, but its own.

Ah! whence proceeds this sacred love,  
Descending gently from above?  
To Thee, dear Saviour, and Thy blood,  
I owe this precious gift of God.

Oh! may I daily love Thee more,  
Of blessings, Thou the bounteous store;  
On me let every grace descend,  
Thou Source of bliss — thou Sinner's Friend.

In gladsome notes of heart-felt praise,  
My joyful voice to Thee I'll raise;  
Till death improve the rising song,  
And bear me to the angelic throng.

✓  
**177.**

IN seasons of doubt and of gloom,  
When Satan would drive to despair,  
Then Christ is the life of my hope.  
And hope is the life of my prayer.

My sins, like a death-bearing cloud,  
Oft hide the dear cross from my view;  
But Jesus, dispersing the mist,  
Disperses the enemy too.

How kind is our merciful God!  
His word and His promise how true;  
He bids me take courage and fight,  
With crucified Jesus in view.

Should Satan come in like a flood,  
And fill me with grief and dismay,  
The Spirit appears to my aid;  
His standard drives Satan away.

By nature unable to stand,  
Or vanquish temptation to sin;  
Through Jesus, almighty to save,  
The crown we are certain to win.

✓  
178.

HOW happy is the humble soul  
Who lives in holy fear!  
While troubles in succession roll,  
He feels the Saviour near.

While others climb the dang'rous steep,  
And build their Babels high,  
He loves that lowly path to keep  
Which leads him to the sky.

Content with all his God bestows,  
He wants nor wealth, nor power;  
Perpetual blessing round him flows,  
Increasing every hour.

Rich with the riches of *His* grace  
Who saved him by His blood,  
He views by faith the Saviour's face,  
And knows that God is good.

Through life's uneven path upheld,  
Preserved from every ill,  
He views at length the heavenly field,  
And reaches Zion's hill.

Oh! may I thus be sweetly blest,  
With humble souls below;  
Then enter the eternal rest  
Where endless pleasures flow.

## 179.

**H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil His word.

Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

Free us from envy, scorn, and pride;  
Our wishes fix above:  
May each his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.

Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir to heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## 180.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
How blest the righteous when he dies!

## 181.

IN each breeze that wanders free,  
And each flower that gems the sod,  
Living souls may hear and see  
Freshly uttered words from God!

Had we but a searching mind,  
Seeking good where'er it springs,  
We should then true wisdom find,  
Hidden in familiar things.

God is present, and doth shine  
Through each scene beneath the sky,  
Kindling with a light divine,  
Every form that meets the eye.

And the soul, when veiled in sin,  
And eclipsed with fear and doubt,  
From the darkened world within,  
Throws its shade on that without.

While to those who, pure in heart,  
For the truth their powers employ,  
She will constant good impart,  
And diffuse perpetual joy.

If the mind would nature see,  
Let her cherish virtue more;  
Goodness bears the golden key  
That unlocks her palace door!

## 182.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door;  
He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You use no other friend so ill.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine;  
Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn,  
Lest He depart and ne'er return:  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,  
When at His door deny'd you stand.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,  
When Jesus comes He comes to reign;  
To reign, and with no partial sway;  
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

## 183.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.



Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
Then thy sovereign right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

### 184.

O H! for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's theme;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!

## 185.

THERE is a path that leads to God;  
All others go astray;  
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin;  
And dangers must be passed;  
But those who boldly walk therein,  
Will come to heaven at last.

While the broad road where thousands go,  
Lies near, and opens fair:  
And many turn aside I know,  
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,  
Or wander from Thy way,  
Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
That I may never stray.

## 186.

HEIRS of unending life,  
While yet we sojourn here,  
Oh! let us our salvation work  
With trembling and with fear.

God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all His own.

'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

## 187.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,  
Our contrite hearts inspire;  
Revive the flame of heavenly love,  
And feed the pure desire.

'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,  
With guilt and fear oppressed;  
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,  
And give the weary rest.

Subdue the power of every sin,  
Whate'er that sin may be,  
That we, with humble, holy heart,  
May worship only Thee.

Then with our spirits witness bear  
That we are sons of God;  
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,  
Through Christ's atoning blood.

## 188.

COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave;  
His arm, though it be strong to smite,  
Is also strong to save.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him and rejoice:  
His coming like the morn shall be;  
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground:—

So shall His presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallow'd morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

✓  
189.

I LEAVE the world, its boasted store  
Of pleasures that must quickly end:  
I prize its vanities no more,  
Since I have found the Sinner's Friend.

I care not if the world revile,  
The world that hates my master's cause;  
The world, I know, would quickly smile,  
Were I again what once I was.

Then farewell world, and farewell all  
That dares contest a Saviour's claims:  
I'll hear Him and obey His call,  
Regardless who approves or blames.

I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,  
Nor then will cease to sing His love:  
For when my voice is lost in death,  
'Twill join in nobler psalms above.

✓  
190.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shall be.

Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise or leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And, whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,  
In Thy service pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favor loss is gain.  
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on Thee;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good for me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me:  
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin and fear and care:  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what spirit dwells within thee,  
Think what Father's smiles are thine:  
Think that Jesus died to save thee;  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there,  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 191.

WE praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,  
Our Saviour kind and true,  
For all the old things passed away,  
For all Thou hast made new.

Thou, only Thou, must carry on  
The work Thou hast begun:  
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,  
In Thine own ways to run.

Ah! leave us not—from day to day  
Revive, restore again;  
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,  
Our enemies restrain.

Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray,  
Or separate from Thee,  
That, Lord, remove, however dear  
To the poor heart it be.

When the flesh sinks, then strengthen Thou  
The spirit from above;  
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,  
And light Thy yoke of love.

So shall we faultless stand at last  
Before the Father's throne,  
The blessedness forever ours,  
The glory all Thine own.

✓  
**192.**

I THANK Thee, O my God! who made  
The earth so bright;  
So full of splendor and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.



I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound ;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot on earth  
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more, that all our joy  
Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;  
That thorns remain ;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys tender and true,  
Yet all with wings,  
So that we see, gleaming on high  
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store ;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more ;  
A yearning for a deeper peace  
Unknown before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest —  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast.

V  
193.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear,  
Like Thee to do our Father's will,  
Each other's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife, :  
Forgiving and forgiven;  
Oh! may we tread the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven.

V  
194.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to Thee?  
Poor and blind in mine own eyes,  
Only in Thy wisdom wise?

Only Thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below?  
Only guided by Thy light,  
Only mighty in Thy might?

So I may Thy spirit know,  
Let him as he listeth blow;  
Let the manner be unknown,  
So I may with Thee be one.

Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness;  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

✓  
195.

WHEN anxious thoughts my bosom fill,  
And skies look dark above,  
How sweet, reposing on His will,  
To feel that God is love!  
To Him our mean affairs  
Are most minutely known;  
He weighs the burden of our cares,  
And numbers every groan.

When fails each earthly confidence,  
And friends grow cold and strange,  
I rest on Thine omnipotence,  
On love that cannot change.

This trust can ne'er delude,  
Thy goodness is most wise;  
And in Thy bounteous plenitude  
My wealth, my portion, lies.

Oh! let me still a Father's hand  
In all my ways perceive;  
And when I cannot understand,  
Be humble, and believe;  
Till what I know not now  
Shall all be clearly shown;  
When at Thy throne my soul shall bow,  
And know as I am known.

## 196.

MY heart is resting, O my God!—  
I will give thanks and sing:  
My heart is at the secret Source  
Of every precious thing.  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill;  
For the waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies;  
And a new song is in my mouth  
To long-loved music set:  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known,  
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast  
For what is most my own.  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see;  
But the hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love  
That sets my heart at rest;  
A calm assurance for to-day  
That to be poor is best;  
A prayer reposing on His truth  
Who hath made all things mine,  
That draws my captive will to Him,  
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,  
For want and toil and loss, —  
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,  
Upon my Saviour's cross, —  
Thanks for the little spring of love  
That gives me strength to say,  
If they will leave me part in Him,  
Let all things pass away.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,  
But it will not come too late, —  
And the songs of patient spirits rise  
From the place wherein I wait;

While in the faith that makes no haste,  
My soul has time to see  
A kneeling host of Thy redeemed  
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around  
Responsive to my prayer;  
I hear the voice of my desire  
Resounding everywhere.  
But the earnest of eternal joy  
In every prayer I trace;  
I see the glory of the Lord  
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,  
Those spirits have been sent  
To share the travail of my soul,  
Or show me what it meant!  
And I long to do some work of love  
No spoiling hand could touch,  
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock,  
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now  
With the thankful song I sing;  
For Thy people know the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
The heart that ministers for Thee  
In Thy own work will rest;  
And the subject spirit of a child  
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love  
 That waits all day on Thee,  
 With the service of a watchful heart  
 Which no one else can see, —  
 The faith that, in a hidden way,  
 No other eye can know,  
 Finds all its daily work prepared,  
 And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God!  
 My heart is in Thy care:  
 I hear the voice of joy and health  
 Resounding everywhere.  
 "Thou art my portion," saith my soul,  
 Ten thousand voices say,  
 And the music of their glad Amen  
 Will never die away.

Y  
 197.

O FATHER-EYE! that hath so truly watch'd,  
 O Father-hand! that hath so gently led,  
 O Father-heart! that by my prayer is touch'd,  
 That loved me first, when I was cold and dead;  
 Still do Thou lead me on with faithful care  
 The narrow path to heaven, where I would go,  
 And train me for the life that waits me there,  
 Alike through love and loss, through weal and  
 woe.

O my Redeemer! who for me wast slain,  
Who bringest me forgiveness and release,  
Whose death hast ransomed me to God again,  
That now my heart can rest in perfect peace;  
Still more and more do Thou my soul redeem,  
From every bondage set me wholly free,  
Though evil oft the mightiest power may seem,  
Still make me more than conqueror, Lord, in  
Thee.

O Holy Spirit! who with gentlest breath  
Dost teach to pray, doth comfort or reprove,  
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,  
Through whom we live at peace with God in love:  
Still do Thou shed Thine influence abroad,  
Let me the Father's image ever wear,  
Make me a holy temple of my God,  
Where dwells forever, calm, adoring prayer.

✓  
198.

IT is good when we lay on the pillow our head,  
And the silence of night all around us is spread,  
To reflect on the deeds we have done through the  
day,  
Nor allow it to pass without profit away.

A day — what a trifle! — and yet the amount  
Of the days we have passed, form an awful account;  
And the time may arrive, when the world we would  
give  
Were it ours, might we have but another to live.



In whose service have we through the day been  
employ'd?

And what are the pleasures we mostly enjoy'd?  
Our desires and wishes, to what do they tend, —  
To the world we are in, or the world without end?

Hath the sense of His presence encompassed us  
round,

Without Whom not a sparrow can fall to the  
ground?

Have our hearts turned to Him with devotion most  
true,

Or been occupied only with things that we view?

Have we often reflected how soon we must go  
To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of woe?  
Have we felt unto God a repentance sincere,  
And in faith to the Saviour of sinners drawn near?

Let us thus with ourselves solemn conference hold,  
Ere sleep's silken fetters our senses enfold;  
And forgiveness implore for the sins of the day,  
Nor allow them to pass unremembered away.

✓  
199.

I KNOW my end must surely come,  
But know not when, or where, or how,  
It may be I shall hear my doom  
To-night, — to-morrow, — even now;  
Ere yet this present hour has fled,  
This living body may be dead.

Lord Jesus, let me daily die,  
And at the last Thy presence give;  
Then death his utmost power may try,  
He can but make me truly live:  
Then welcome my last hour shall be,  
When, where, and how it pleases Thee.

## 200.

WELL art Thou leading, Guide Supreme,  
Thy people on their pilgrimage:  
Thy paths may strange and devious seem,  
But yet are straight:—should tempests rage,  
Amid the desolating blast  
Thy calming voice is heard at last.

Thy wisdom scatters, Lord most high,  
What human prudence would combine;  
Thy power upraises to the sky  
What some in fetters would confine;  
Man, reading not Thy perfect will,  
Walketh in some vain shadow still.

Thy thoughts are high, and soar above  
The vanities which all admire:  
No eloquence Thine ear can move,  
Thy impulse must the tongue inspire;  
The Pharisee thou passest by,  
While mercy waits the sinner's cry.

We magnify Thy grace; pure love  
Doth Thy paternal heart excite;  
Thy pillar doth before us move,  
To dwell with men is Thy delight:  
Thou watchest o'er us day by day,  
And lead'st us in the narrow way.

Sometimes Thy rod may seem severe,  
Again Thy love Thou dost display;  
Thy gentle chastisement is near,  
When we are prone to go astray:  
Soon as we mourning seek Thy face,  
Thou bidst our wayward wanderings cease.

Thy Spirit grant, that I discern  
Nature from grace, Thy light from mine;  
That no strange fire within me burn,  
Which I might vainly think divine;  
Thou Source of life, how blest is he  
Who in Thy light, the light can see!

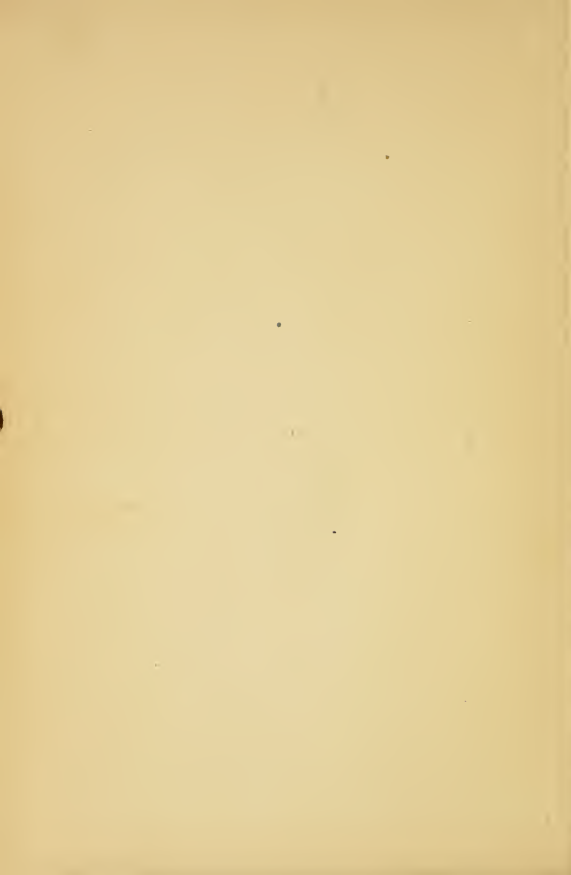
THE END.

















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